1821.

La Torres

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1874.

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DAS MARDEL DAS ICH MEINE. (THE GIRL I PANCY.)

meine. LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

EAST LYNNE:

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

The church clocks of West Lynne strock ght one levely morning in July, and then to bells chimed out, giving token that it

"Is all the finery coming out to-day?"
gravely inquired Mr. Carlyle, as Barbara
turned with them toward the church, and
he walked by her side and his sisters,
for he had en objection, almost invincible
as a Frenchman's, to giving his arm to two
lating

ladies.
"Of course," replied Barbara. "First impression is everything, you know, and the earl and his daughter will be coming

church."
Suppose she should not be in peacock's
imes," cried Miss Carlyle, with an implumes," cried must be perturbable face.
"Oh! but she is sure to be—if you mean riohly dressed," cried Barbara, hasti-

Common of the Co



No. 33.



NR. CARLYLE QUENTIONING JOYCE.

are these suggested in this regulations which a great flow in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in half flowed here in the special of a place in the

"Certainly there is. Keen would don't be all the control." And is desired that the control of the principle "Oh! but she is sure to be—if you mean richly dressed," cried Barbara, hastily.

"Or, suppose they should not come to church?" laughed Mr. Carlyle. "What a disappointment to the bonnets and feathers!"

"After all, Barbara, what are they to us, or we to them?" resumed Miss Carlyle echoed it. East Lynne's guest. Mr. Carlyle echoed it. East Lynne's guest for the remainder of the day."

"After all, Barbara, what are they to us, or we to them?" resumed Miss Carlyle echoed it. East Lynne's guest. Mr. Carlyle echoed it. East Lynne's he was a be concerted when some strange in the fact of the seril by the fact of the seril by th

der se it get about afterward that I was, I can tell; but that was no matter, my sendence did not help on the verdies. And telling of that, Carlyle, how has it come to your hourselfug that lised, and likes are to your hourselfug that lised, and likes are to you as no for that the lised, and likes as on the consequence here," repeated Mr. Carlyle; "I do know it, and that is sufficient. I was in hopes you had really seen this Thorn leave the catage."

(I'vay Bethel should his head. "I should no lay too into the trees upon any Thorn's batting been there, were I you, Carlyle.

Dies liars was as one crary that night, and might see shape and forms where there were none."

Lyone. The necessary preparations for departure were in progress, but when Thursday morning dashed, it appeared a question whether they would not once more be rendered nugatory. The house was roused betimes, and Mr. Wainwright, the surgeon from West Lyone, monumened to the earl's bedaide; he had experienced another and a violent situack. The peer was exceedingly annoyed and vexed, and very irritable.

"I may be kept here a week-s montha forthight—a month longer, now!" he ut-tered fretfully to leabed.
"I am very sorry, papa. I dare say you do find East Lynne dull."

and East Lynne dull."
Dull' that a not it; I have other reaa for wishing East Lynne to be quit of
And now you can't go to this fine con-

ert."
Isabel's face flushed. "Not go, papa?"
"Why, who is to take you? I can t get "Why, who is to take you?

or bed."
Oh, papa, I must be there. Otherwise, "Oh, pape, I must be there. Otherwise, it would look almout as though—as though we had announced what we did not meen to perform. You know it was arranged that we should join the Dueise; the carriage can still take me to the concert-room, and I can go in with them."

"Just as you please. I thought you would have jumped at any plea for staying area."

"Not at all," laughed Isabel. "I should like West Lynne to see that I don't despise Mr. Kane and his concert."

Later in the day, the earl grew alarming. he urged. "Never mind the song and the

Later in the day, the earl grew alarming by worse; his paronyams of pain were awful. Isabel, who was kept from the room, knew nothing of the danger, and the earl's groams did not penetrate to her ears. She dressed herself in a gleeful mood, full of langhing willfulness, Marvel, her maid, superintending in stiff displeasure, for the attre chosen did not meet her approbation. When ready, she went into the earl's room.

"Bhall I do, pape?"

"How should I know?" returned Miss. Corny. "Barbara, you have done nothing.

went into the sail's room.

"Shall I do, pape?"

Lord Mount Severn raised his swollen eyelids and drew the clothes from his flushed face. A shining vision was standing before him, a beauteous queen, a gleaning fairy; he bardly knew what she had not on a white lace. "Shall I do, pape?"

Lord Mount Severn raised his swollen eyelids and draw the clothes from his flushed face. A shining vision was standing before him, a besuteons queen, a gleaning fairy; he hardly knew what he looked like. She had put on a white lace hat and her diamonds; the dress was rich, and the jewels gleatest from her her pretty neck, from her delicate arms; and her cheeks were flushed and her curfs were flowing.

The sari starsu at her in amazement.
"How could you dress yourself off like that for a concert? You are out of your senses, lasbel."

Marvet thinks so too," was the gay answer; "she has had a cross face aince I is man.

"How rever thinks so too," was the gay answer; "she has had a cross face since I is man.

"How rever thinks so too," was the gay answer; "she has had a cross face aince I is man.

"How rever thinks so too," was the gay answer; "she has had a cross face since I is man.

"Marvel thinks so too," was the gay agreed the arm from Mr Carlyle's, and added a moment before stepping in, looking at thought I would show those West Lynne people that I think the specific of the start of the specific of

The room was prefly full when Mrs.
Ducie, her two daughters, and leabel entered, and were conducted to seats by Mr.
Kanes seats he had reserved for them at
the upper end, near the orehestra. The
same dessing vistor which had turst on
The housekeeper, Mrs Mason, waited at Rane seats he had reserved for them at the upper end, near the orchestre. The same desking vision which had burst on the sight of Lord Monnt Severn fell on that of the audience, in Isabel, with her rich white dress, her glittering dismonds, and gave her his arm up the steps. She searce by dared to inquire.

The flewing only, and her wondrous leauty. If the holder is the half of the terms of the steps. She searce by dared to inquire.

The gray dawn of morning was breaking. The gray dawn of morning was breaking. The gray dawn of morning was breaking. The Miss Ducies, plain girls, in trown silts turned up their moses worse than hatture had done it for them, and Mrs. Ducies heaved an analytic right.

The Miss Ducies, plain girls, in trown silts the better? May I go to his room? "Is he better? May I go to his room?" She panted.

Yes, the carl was better—better, in so far as that he was quiet and conclusion.

therless girl is to be pitted, my desire, "show hispered, "she has no-body to point out to her suitable aftire. This rediculous decking out must have been Marvel's deings.

That she looked like a lily an ong poppies.

and our flowers, whether the "decking out ern right, when he accused her of dressself-pratification? Very likely.

Ing so in self-gratification? Very likely, for has not the great preacher said that chic hood and youth are vanity?

Miss Carlyle, the justice, and Barbara also had scats hear the orchestra, for Miss Carlyle, in West Lynne was a person to be considered, and not hidden behind others. Mr. Carlyle, however, preferred to join the gentlemen who congregated and stood round about the door, made and out.

There was rearrely standing rooms in the gentlemen who congregated and stood round about the door, unide and out. There was recarcely standing room in the place. Mr. Kane had, as was anticipated got a bumper, and the poor man could have worshipped Lady lashel, for he knew he owed it to her.

It was very long—country concerts gene
It was very long—country concerts gene-

he owed it to not.

It was very long—country concerts generally are—and was about three parts over, when a powdered head, larger than any cauliflower ever grown, was discerned ascan flower ever grown, was discerned as-sending the stairs behind the group of gen Hence: which bead, when it brought its

The fellow in question did not appear, gayety.

his eye fell on Mr. Carlyis, and it lightened up.

"Beg parles, sir, could you happen to inform me whereabouts my young lasty is sitting?"

"At the other and of the room, near the cychectes."

"The many of don't know how ever I am to get to ther, treturned the man, more in self-estilisquy than to Mr. Carlyis, more in self-estilisquy than to Mr. Carlyis, more in self-estilisquy than to Mr. Carlyis, worse, sir, he explained in an away stank tone, "It is faired he is dyieg."

"Mr. Watnwright. Isabel nau moon to the give them place, but her anxious even followed their every inovement. They did not seem to notice her, and he stepped Toward.

"Can you do saything the bias?"

They all turned at the address, and it closed at her. Gas points; it was an evasive, "The room is choke full, and I don't like the remaining by. His port is abken alarmingly to the versel inordines; "we must have alone."

"Mr. Watnwright. Isabel nau moon to the give them place, but her anxious even followed their every inovement. They did forward.

"Can you do saything the bias?"

They all turned at the address, and it closed at her. Gas points; it was an evasive, "The room is choke full, and I don't like with me. Do you not know and I am here alone."

"Mr. Watnwright. Isabel nau moon to the give them place, but her anxious even followed their every inovement. They did forward.

"Can you do saything the bias to wave?"

They all turned at the address, and it could be the Gas points? The room is choke full, and I so the mount of the room. "The true things are any from the mount of the room of the grant charge the place of the second of CHAPTER IX.

THE SUNG AND THE DELOC.

The concert was to take place on a Thursday, and on the following Saturday Lord Mount Severn intended finally to quit East Lynne. The necessary preparations for "I will bring Lody Isabel," said Mr. Carlida.

d the trans, and the same of t

yourself to please your vanity. But lashel, you—coools!"

I sabel started as she stood, the earl's groan of pain was dreadful.

"An awful twinge, child. There, go along talking nokes me worse."

"Frps, shall I stay at home with you?"

"he gravely asked. "Every consideration should give way to illness. If you would like me to remain, or if I can do any good, pray let me.

"Quite the centrary. I had rather you were away. You can do no carthly good, for I could not have you in the room. Good bye, darling. If you see Carlyle, tell hum I shall hope to see him to morrow."

The room was preity full when Mrs. Ducie, her two daughters, and leabel en-

far as that he was quiet and senseless. She moved hastily toward his chamber. Mr. Cariyla drew the housekeeper saide.

"Is there my hope?"
"Not the slightest, sir. He is dying "
The earl knew no one; pain was gone
for the present, and he lay on his bed,
calm; but his face, which had death in it
all too plainly, startled Isabel. She did not
acresm or cry; she was perfectly quiet,
save that she had a fit of shivering
"Will be soon be better?" she whistered

like it; he wished to question the sur-gron. Lady Isabel saw that Mr. Carlyle was about to quit the room, and beckened

which head, when it brought its
in full view, was discovered to beo one of the footness of Lord Mount see you here; he liked you very much."

"I will not leave it, Lady isabed. I did

long to one of the footness of Lord Mount see you here be tiked you very much."

"I will not leave at local and their and these calves belook then selves inside the concert room, with a depirement that they had to steer through—and there they came to a stand-still, the candidower extending forward, and turning itself about from right to left.

"Well, I'll be j find!" cried an astonished fox-bunter, who had been elbowed by the footnam; "the check these fellows have:"

The fallow in question did not appear,

inquest to give evidence egainst Dick, and for that reason I was glad Locksley never of check just at that moment, for he looked perplexed, humble, and unsaev. Suddenly dense it got about afterward that I was, I have the set of the policy of the set of ogive them place, but her anxious even ollowed their every movement. They did not seem to notice her, and also stepped The Cave of the Counterfeiters-

She broke into a passion of tears and sobe as Mr. Carlyle led her to another apartment.

"He is my dear faiber; I have but him in the wide world," she exclaimed.

"I know—I know; I feel for you all that you are feeling Tremty times this right I have wished—forgive me the thought—that you were my sister, so that I might express my sympathy more freely, and comfort you."

"Tall me the truth, then, why I am kept away. If you can show me a sufficient cause, I will be reasonable and obey; but do not say sgain I should be disturbing him, for it is not true."

"He is too ill for you to see him—his symptoms are too painful. In fact, it would not be proper; and were you to go in, in defiance of advice, you would regret it all your after life."

"Is he dying?"

Mr. Carlyle hesitated. Ought he to discretible with her as the doctors had done? A strong feeling was upon him that he ought not.

"I trust to you not to deceive me," she

"I trust to you not to deceive me," she

try for me? He knew how hopeless it was, but he turned to issue the room.

"I will go and see. But you will remain here quietly—you will not come.? She bowed her head in acquiescence, and he closed the door. Had she indeed been his sister, he would probably have turned the key upon her. He entered the earl's chamber, but not many seconds did he remain in it.

chamber, but not many seconds did he re-main in it over." he whispered to Mrs. Mason, whom he met in the corridor, "and Mr. Wainwright is asking for you." "You are soon back," cried leabet, lift-ing her head. "May I go?" He sat down and took her hand, shrink-tee from her task.

He sat down and took her hand, shrink-ing from his task.

"I wish I could comfort you!" he ex-claimed, in a tone of deep emotion.

Her face turned of a ghastly whiteness— as white as shother's not far away.

"Tell me the worst," she breathed.

"I have nothing to tell you but the worst. May God support you, dear Lady leabel!"

over the world, advent of another bustling day in life's bistory; but the spirit of Wil-lium Vace, Earl of Mount Severn, had soared away from it forever.

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Lea. Pulsdel, his. The Westminster Review for January.

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and so futilely.

He passed the stern of the yacht about twenty feet to the south, and now with a word to Tom, their small craft was headed np stream, and commenced a slow and eareful progress toward their goal. The Dart had now left the shore and was

il kbb Gordon was again upon her deck, and had taken deadly aim at the form of his villainous foe.

The latter, startled by the sharp cry of the steersman, quickly turned, and his face if grew deathly pallid as he saw the form of the man he had wronged, clearly defined in the moonlight and with an expression of the sternest resolution on his face as he gisned along the sights of his rife.

At the same moment two other men leaped upon deck and stationed themselves beside their comrade.

"Yield yourself prisoner, or by all that's good, you'rea dead man, "cried Rob sternly."

"Never!" cried the villain. With a quick, unlooked-for leap he cleared ten feet of the deck, and rushed fiercely toward his foe, heedless of the rifle.

But Rob Gordon was not the man to fire at an unarmed enemy. Dropping his rifle he met him midway in his swift career, and in an instant they were grappled in deadly fray.

At the same moment Tom sprang forward

loved was daring alone the perils of the forest, and sure in his mind that he was on the point of reacting her from he was almost happy in the near approach of that for which he had struggled so long was an acony in his voice, and an unwonted of that for which he had struggled so long luking-place, but without effect, and the was an acony in his voice, and an un wonit weakness in his limbs, as he called up the others to search the yacht, that if

the others to search the yacht, that the cabin was empty.

A thorough search was at once made, but it was fruitless. Maggis Campbell was nowhere on board.

Only the strength of a resolute will prevented the agonized lover from relieving with womanly tears the gush of painful emotion that filled his soni at this discovery.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

of their fellow-carsmen. Yet she sped over the liquid element with considerable repidity.

But they were not destined to a continuance of the favoring gloom. The cloud which had hidden the moon sailed from its lineant surface, and its full beams fell on the boat, revealing her almost as in the linear of midday.

"Who goes there?" rang a loud, startled voice from the deck of the yacht, as a tall figure appeared in view.

"Friends," was the answer, as the rowers bent stardily to their cars, nearly doubling the speed of the skiff.

"Friends, key? Turn your bow, blast you, or I'll treat you to a builet."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CAPTURE XXVIII.

THE CAPTURE AXVIII.

THE CAPTURE AVENUAL AND THE ADDITION OF NOTES AN

DAVY CROCKETT
ON THE TRACK;

The general was a good as his word. The sharp crack of a rife was beard, followed by a very of pain from the locat.
The general was a good as his word. The sharp crack of a rife was beard, followed by a very of pain from the locat.
The general was a good as his word. The sharp crack of a rife was beard, followed by a very of pain from the locat.
The general was a good as his word. The sharp crack of a rife was beard, followed by a very of pain from the locat.
The general crack of the general character is the same beard of dissection more interested.

But the weever his rach has been displayed was twavening the bear bear and quiwred in the honds of the word, but he words has a planned that we were the rached from it facts the was the past of the word.

We left library memoral, had be but most been away flash which he loved how a more word of the path was the general character of the path was the general character of the path was the past of the word, but the was the past of the word was the past of the path was not been and plunged into wast. It was the past of the word, had been and the path was the past was the past of the word how a start was the word has a start with the path of the word how a start was the word was the past was the past of the word how with the loved how a start was the word was the past of the path was the past of the word how with the loved how a start was the past of the word how with the path of the word how with the path of the word how with the path of the path of the path of the word how a path of the word how a path of the word how a path of the word how with the path of the path of the word how with the path of the path of the word how a path of the word how a path of the word how with the path of the path of the path of the word how with the path of the path of the word how a path of the word how a path of the word how and the path of the word how with the path of the p

location to more than approximately guess his position.

The progress was rapid, and it was no easy matter to step with the necessary caution, and, at the same time, keep pace with the man pursued.

They at length reached the limit of continual forest in this direction. Some small clearings appeared, square blocks of tilled land out out of the woods.

Farther on the farming land became more continuous, the houses aspiring beyond the hut-like condition of those already passed.

my wind and tide both to make headers against, and it will be sow work.

It reported we would get here for, "I reported we would get here for," and it is the best for, and the result is the same moment Tom prane forward and drew the edge of a keep-bladed knife fering prisoner."

And round a point to the count a white sail energed, like a ghost in the moonability, and round a point to the count as white sail energed, like a ghost in the moonability, and round a point to the count as white sail energed, like a ghost in the moonability and they seed, and they seed almost disappeard.

The crew of the Dart had evidently cash side of the part of the cash show the sail that they were the side of the result in the show of the cash and the best and the best and the best as their ture, had preferred to avail themselves of their cars for the result were not able to aid their friend, loss of them was put thorache countal by a sail the sail to be seen in their ture, had preferred to avail themselves of their own for the result were not able to aid their friend, loss of themselves of their own for the result were not able to aid their friend, loss of the country own the sail of the sail the sail to sail their friend, loss of the sail to sail their friend, loss of the sail the sail to sail their friend, loss of the sail the sail to sail their friend, loss of the sail to sail their friend, loss of the country as a special to the sail to sail their friend, loss of the country as the sail to sail their friend, loss of the sail the sail to sail their friend, loss of the sail to sail the sail to sail their friend, loss of the sail to sail their fri

iske Tom and another, soon of collection of the board of the water.

His plan was acted on without delay. The small boat, in which Maggie had made her escape, was soon shooting out over the silent stream, shadowed now by the cloud that vetled the moon.

Had Rob but known who had been the last occupant of the boat which, with muffled oats, he now pulled swiftly through it the water, his nerves would have been estady, and his course would have been steady, and his course would have been the stady, and his course would have been the stady, and his course would have been the stady and his course would have been the stady, and his course would have been steady, and his course would have been the stady and his course would have been as tending but glad heart, as the though of his rescued love crossed his mind, he sought the cabin, and sprang with one bound down the steps to its floor.

But a deadly fear came upon him as he as a glance that it was empty.

But a deadly fear came upon him as he as a glance that it was empty.

The small boat, in which Maggie had made the water.

But Rub had lost all interest the other habitations of the town. Simply a frame house, whose boards were not that passed his lips. With quick feet, and that passed his lips. With quick f

He was satisfied that he had done a good night's work, in thus tracing one of the principal villains to his den, though rather disappointed in having failed in the main object of his midnight socut.

There was no nes to return to the forest again at that hour. Though he had been a good woodsman in his youth, and had not lost all his old knowledge of the craft, it would be impossible for him to find the distant camp-fire he had left, except by some improbable chance.

Besides there was no special need of his presence there, and he determined to proceed to the tavern, spend the night there under the anspices of civilization, and return to the woods at the first gleam of morning light.

under the anspices of civilization, and return to the woods at the first gleam of morning light.

First carefully noting the position of the house within whose portal Gillespie had despocared, he returned leisurely to the Bue Boat Inn, cogitating on the stirring events which had occurred in the few days since he had last left its doors.

There were but a half dozen men inside the bar-room, but they were noisy enough for a days. One group of four were congregated about a small table, singing and talking at the top of their voices, plainly much the worse for the liquor they had imbibed.

Two others sat at another table, quietly talking, and dressed in a more respectable manner than marked the usual customers.

talking, and dressed in a more respectable manner than marked the usual customers

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance, not actualing presume, which is towerly cents a year, and against a the collection of the control of the collection of the collection. The

Binters,"
One copy of THE Powr (\$5.00) and one of T. S. ANYRCH House Manageme (\$5.00) will be east for \$1.00. Rath publication will need out to the Power of the

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 819 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

A COUNTRY HOME.

The time of year is coming when young children imperatively need to live in the country. The numerous disadvantages and restraints of town are frarfully against them in their struggle with the ailments of infancy. Get them ancesafully over the early critical years, and it will not matter so much where they live, but while young, nothing can be done for them equal to giving them a country home. However spacious and airy and sunny the city residence may be, and Philadelphia houses of late years are admirably built for family comfort, the living room taking precedence of all others in the healthful light and warmth of open grates and abundant windows however sufficient these cheerful and beautiful arrangements may be for a grown-up family, they do not suffice for the little ones. The freedom of the open air is all-important for them. Especially assummer comes on do they find the confinement of the house, even the best house, an insufferable restraint, and they fret

supposed to be a wealthy personage, who is placed by him on Frimrose Hill at ten years old, and told to look around him at the year areauthless of animals and articles. placed by him on Princose Hall at ten-years old, and told to look around him at the vast assemblage of animals and other chiects he will in the course of a lifetime send down his throat: the sight of which is, of course, described as appalling. Among other things, he is to devour 20 oren, 200 sheep, 100 caives, 200 lands, 30 pags, 1200 forus, 300 turkeys, 200 pagrons, 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 30 coor oysters, 5,475 pounds' weight of vegetables, 2137 pounds of butter, 24,680 cags, and 41 tons of bread, besides fruits, awestmeats, Az, and 40 hogsheads of wine, 184 gallons of spirits, and about 5,000 gallons of tea and office. This is a mere outline of what we are told is destined to be consumed. To show there is no exaggeration, Sayer as sares us that he has from experience made up a scale of food for the day for a period of sixty years, and "it amounts to 20, tons weight of mest, farinaccour food, and vege-tables, Ac." One is not prepared to depute the calculations of so ciever an expert. All we can say is, that the picture he presents we can say is, that the picture he presents see can say suggestive. That he has not exaggerated in at least one particular, I am prepared to verify. A gentleman of my sequaintance has for the last fifty years eaten
every morning two eggs to breakfast—
making 730 per annum, or a total for the
whole period 36 500 eggs. This goes contimes the total the intellectual life of the
day depended on the night's rest, and
he took this precaution to secure it. The
regularity of his daily walk, taken during
the afternoon in all weathers, and the strict
limitation of the hours of rest, also belped
the soundness of his sleep.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY THE ALTHOUGH "JOHN HALIFAY

The just-begun and never-ended scrife, 6th, See of Mary; Jests of Naraceth, the carpenter, food-given, twenty works ageine, to ber, Jesus, the Lord His mother Mary, Jesus, the Lord His mother Mary, The Way, by which a far-off heaven we win, The Hoor, through which we may all order in further, beat of Mary, beat of the large of further, beat of Mary, beat of the large of further, beat of Mary, beat of the large of further, beat of Mary, beat of Mary, further, beat of Mary, beat of Mary, further, beat of Mary, further with the mary all order is further with the mar

Our days. Then knowest, are short and full of Cur days. Then anoment, are more man har on worse.

Cur cross, like Thine, too soon its shadow throws, Treed Son of Mary;
Cur birth-crown, that our mothers treasure up, As melted off late one better cup.
They drink, like Mary;
And with dim, fright-not days they also see The shadow of some strange secured Tree, the Whote their door wone give up the glosst, like Thee.

Great Son of Mary.

the full of life, with all life's landal pays

a lining upon Thee in me liffment tooles,

a lining upon Thee in me liffment tooles,

Pair from of Mary;

Full for name attempts to do tood a whose indust,

The moon tide lades bringing exeming test,

Resent bound Mary;

Yel through all this, however, in the time these,

The absolute of the times Thy medical sous

In its unfatnomable mysteries.

Heart pleaved Mary.

Hut Thou, with those Divine eyes, free from Thou seest the rest, remaining even here. To Thee- and Mary, And all God's people, all His children pow. Whom Thou namest brethren; knocking door, Bliessed Son of Mary. door,

Blossed Son of Mary:
And, by-and-by, Thy earthly travail done,
Death consummating what Thy life begin,
Then it say, "Come anto Me, each weary of
I am Son of Mary."

Ch, Son of God, and yet the woman's seed. Bruise Thou sets serpost sine, even the blood.

Liber Three and Mary.
Frequive if we, too, tired one work be done.
Look forward longing to the red of sun.
And in the day of cell, angulabellic.
Romember us? Through this our mortal shife.

REST FOR FLOWERING PLANTS.

that there was a risk of missing sleep if the brain was not tranquilized before bed-time. He knew that the intellectual life of

FREE PLATFORM.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBI-

Massa. Entrops:—As we have plenty of time before us, I shall put off for the present a direct answer to the arguments of "No Francis," in last week" Four, in order to insert a recent article on the subject of "The Delusions of Drink," by Dr. Holland, the able editor of Serbiner's Monthly. If I can only fire my readers with the conviction of the folly of drinking strong liquous, I think they will be ready to embrace any effective means of doing away with the monstrone evil which now descolates our land. And that when the question comes before them, as voters or as legislators—shall the law prohibit the making of drunkards, as it prohibits other forms of poisoning, and theft and areon and murder?—that they will be ready to give a hearty says and amen, even though the duty of coforcing this law is attended with the same evil consequences as attend the enforcing of all other laws. But hear Dr. Holland on

"King Solomon has the credit of being the wisest man that ever lived; and he declared that he who is deceived by wine, the mooker, and strong drink, the raging, is not wise. The delusions of drink are as old as drink itself, and are as prevalent now as in Solomon's time. There are men who honeastly believe that alcoholic drink are all the them. who honeatly believe that alcoholic drink is good for them; yet there is not one of them who would touch it except as a prescribed medicine if it were not for its pleasant taste. The deloxion touching its healthfulness, grows out of the desire to justify an appetite which may either be natural or acquired. If a man likes whisky or wine, he likes to think that it is good for him, and he will take some pains to prove that it is so, both to himself and others.

"Now alcohol is a pure stimulant. There

others.

"Now alcohol is a pure stimulant. There is not so much nutriment in it as there is in a chip. It never added snything to the permanent forces of life, and never can addanything. Its momentary intensification of force is a permanent abstraction of force from the drinker's capital stock. All artificial excitants bring exhaustion. The physicians know this, and the simplest man's reason is only canable of comprehending sicians know this, and the simplest man's reason is quite capable of comprehending it. If any man supposes that daily drink, even in small quantities, is conducive to his health, he is deluded. If he possess a sluggish temperament, he may be able to carry his burden without much apparent harm, but burden it is, and burden it will always be.

grown op family, they do not selfue for the series in all impress that of the problems of the first of the confidence of the problems of the p

"All who need to keep their minds in the best passible condition ought to have resolution enough to regulate their living in a manner which experience, in their case, proves to be most favorable."

Speaking of the philosopher Kant's regularity of habit in mind and body, he says

"He well knew that the regularity of the bodily functions, and, unlike the foolish men alluded to by Gorle who pass the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine that produces it, Kant not only knew that the regular to drinking the wine that produces it, Kant not only knew that produces it. Faw intellection of a professor in a littles university was opposed society on the ground that friends; and when, by a small unspority, his election was reflected, the other producing in his power to preserve it. Faw intellections of the continuous distribution was a philosopher, but did everything in his power to preserve it. Faw intellection was reflected, the other produces it have a considering the immense and the was a philosopher, but did everything in his power to preserve it. Faw intellection was reflected, the other produces it has a necessary to his ordering and interest the way of reform so decided treatment. We alinde to the solution to make them mainister to good fellowship at every social gradering thing to drink hed liquor, in bad piaces, and in large quantities. A man full of good wine assertions and empty declamation. It is seems to me, considering the immense assertions and empty declamation. It is seems to me, considering the immense assertions and empty declamation. It is seems to me, considering the immense assertions and empty declamation. It is seems to me, considering the immense that the regularity of the bodil to all aborers have in this respect given evidence of such persistent strength of will.

"A detail which illustrates Kant's attention to whatever could affact his physical life, is his rule to withdraw his mind from everything requiring affort fifteen minutes before he went to lead. His theory, which is fully confirmed by the experience of others, was, that there was a risk of surings should which many men in seciety regard one who is conscientionly opposed to whom who is conscientiously opposed to wine-drinking could only spring from a delu-

to be done about it. They wish that men would be more rational in their ecjoyment of the good things of the world, etc., etc.; but their eyes seem blinded to the fact that they stand in the way of all reform. The norrible drunkenness of the larger cities of Great Britain, with which no hell that America holds can compare for a moment, can never be reformed until the drinking habits of the English elergy and the English gentry are reformed. With the English gentry are reformed. With sleven-twelfths of the British clergy wine

the English gentry are reformed. With sleven-twelfths of the British olergy wine-drinkers, and water-drinkers tabooed in solety, and social drinking the fashion in all the high life of the realm, the workman will stand by his gin, brutality will reign in its own chosen centres undisturbed, and those centres will increasingly become what, to a frightful extent, they already are—feeting sores upon the body social, and stenches in the nostrils of the world.

"The habits, neither of Great Britain nor America, will be improved until men of influence in every walk of life are willing to dispense with their drinking constoms. Hundreds of thousands of English-speaking men go to a drankards grave every year. There is nothing in sanitary considerations as they relate to the moderate drinker, and surely nothing in the pleasures of the moderate drinker, to mitigate this curse. It is all a delusion. The water-drinker is the healthy man, and the happy man. Spirits, wine, beer, alcoholic becomes of all contents of the protester of the protester are a burden and in the presence of all contents are a burden and the happy man. Spirits, wine, beer, alcoholic becomes of all contents are a burden and in the presence of all contents are a burden and in the presence of all contents are a burden and the barper and the presence of all contents are a burden and the barper and the presence of all contents are a burden and the presence of all contents are a burden and the presence of all contents are a burden and the presence of all contents are recommended. water-drinker is the healthy man, and the happy man. Spirits, wine, heer, alcoholic leverages of all sorts are a burden and a hane, and there is no place where a good man can stand unshadowed by a fatal delusion, except upon the safe ground of total abstinence. Until that ground is taken, and held, by good men everywhere, there can be no temperance reform. The wine-drinkers of England and America have the whisky-drinkers in their keeping. What dô they propose to do with them?"

Heartily endorsing all the above, I am very traly yours,

ery traly yours,

MORAL SUASION.

Moral Suasion.

Massas. Entrons:—I am very much pleased to see Dr. Holland's article, as quoted at length by my friend "Temperance." I am not in the least a friend of Intemperance, but am as much a foe of that hateful and degrading vice as any man. The only question I have raised is, whether, in the first place, Prohibitory Laws do promote Temperance; and, ascondly, even if it be proved that they do, whether they do not gain their end at the cost of that precious boon, Individual Freedom, and of as equally important moral virtues as Temperance itself.

When our Naviour—who by the way was a wine-drinker, and called by the Pharisoes of that day a glutton and a wine-bibber—was on earth, he accumed of all sins to despise most that of Hypoensy. No doubt there was more or less drunkenness in Judes, because we see frequent references to men being drunken and overcome with wine in the New as in the Old Testament. But the Saviour himself, I believe, said very little against Intemperance, and nothing against wine-drinking. In fact he even made wine at a wedding by a miracle, and seems to have been in the daily habit of drinking it—even using it in his last supper with his disciples in the institution.

But I suppose I have occupied sufficient space for this week. I may close therefore by saying that while the nae of strong liquors doubtless has its great evils, that those evils, when you consider the im-mense amount of liquors drank, must be enormously enaggerated by the Temperance crators, or else this globe would be

efforts of the ministers and churches, who wanted to bring the Law and the constable to aid religion and morality, as, it seems to me, their Divine Master never did. No Fanatic.

FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Itomy droups the green sweet-brier, bewy hangs the rose, As I follow where her lootstep, Lightly printed, goes.

Sun, that cometh up to must me. Was there aught to see Down beneath that gray horizon Half so tair as she?

Down this path she careless wandered Where the tilles drooped:

Here she turned and paused, uncertain-Ah, I hear it now!— Over stones the full brook singing Faintly, far below!

Leading on to greet the roses, it in the footsteps true; Red, and white, and pink she guthered, Dropping one for me!

Then to where the honeyanckie Climbe to scent the nir – No, she stepped and left it climbing, Turning otherwhere,

Where then? Oh, adown this pathway. Where her heliotrope also the air with perfume heavy, l'arping all the slope,

Sun, that maketh shadows shorter As I tollow still, Where were you at early dawning. When she climbed the hill? Shall she climb to wait your coming, She, my own, my sweet, When her gracious presence only Makes your day complete?

liere she left her blossoms lying. In a hawthorn's care, And the dewy steps go springing I p the rocks so hare.

Higher, higher ever leading.
Follow I and hope—
Sunny hair lit up with sunshine—
Ah! my heliotrope!

A Word to Husbands.

It is not snife tent to give your wife money enough, to furnish her house luxuriously, and all that sort of thing. That is only being a good provider, not entirely a good husband. What a wife needs more than this is love, and that, or rather the demonstration of its existence, is what she oftenest misses. Weary is her woman's heart many a time, and often, when you know not of it, weary unto death. Yet abe could give no reason for it that you could understand. A Word to Husbands.

give no reason for it that you could understand.

Life's possibilities weigh always on a woman's soul. What may be is an awful anguish to her; what is almost impossible, may be to her an everlasting dread. Her whole being is rather ideal than real, and just as children see more in their toys than we can, so she sees more in their toys than we can, so she sees more in what you deem life's playthings than you could imagine.

The forgotten kiss, the neglected birthday, the careless look, the touch unanwered by any responsive touch—to the wife whom you oned courted so anxiously, these are agonies intolerable. It is not enough that you love her; she can never take this for granted; let her see it, and let other women see it, and so you will bind her heart to yours as you could not by the gift of all the diamonds in Golconda. A word of praise and appreciation is easy to give, and you don't know how it will help her.

Origin of Gypsies.

Charles Leland, in his work on English Gypsies, speaks of the race of which they are a part as "the descendants of a vast number of Hindoos, of the primitive tribes of Hindoostan, who were expelled or migrated from that country early in the four-teenth century." The migration probably began earlier, for there are intimations of them as far west as Gormany in 1416, and in 1427 a troop of them, numbering a hundred, appeared in Paris, where they gave themselves out as Christian gypsies expelled from Egypt by the Mohammedans. No settled account of their origin is given by the gypsies of any two lands in the Old World, but their tradition tends on the whole toward the Egyptian origin, which the popu-World, but their tradition tends on the whole toward the Egyptian origin, which the popular notions of European nations had in general till of late assigned to them. Yet that the Rom or Rouni are to be identified with the Dom or Domni castes of Hindoos, allied to the Nata, the real gypsies of India at the present day—the letters D and R being hardly distinguishable in gypsy mouths—is not only attested by the name they give thomselves, but borne out by proofs without limit from the study of their speech and of their characteristic customs or habits.

Here is a domestic drama from Paris. A young girl was about to be married to a journeyman carpenter, whose suit was by no means agreeable to her. She had refused and protested against the match, but her father was inexorable on the subject, and rese cannot be found. If the law hich feels to ever existed, absolute proof of it therefore, we believe, is not designed that output to hate the very of the least. I had begun to hate the very of them of tertheoming.

There are, however, recents remaining of exercise very curious decisions by the majestrates of the old time upon denestic on the research of the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be deared that how no designed to the research that he was not called than the many his drank, both the matter of the will be the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be the least. I had begun to hate the very enthusiastic proved that the man who drank to thing as the better man. He endured more, be found to the marginary and the matter of the will be the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be the concerning his impressions of Cuba. He doesn't will be the least. I had begun to hate the very enthusiastic to the many held cannot of the will be not extend that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on that account? If the drinking of the atreed on the atreed on that the man of this country by are the wind end to the father, pointing out the father, pointing out the father, pointing out the father account? If the drinking of the atreed on that the man of the father account? If the drinking of the atreed on that the man of the surface and the cleast and under that the man who drank to man, the same of the wind and the deeler

The story is told of a woman who freely need her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out in variant the state of the scale of the sca ons directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the pensice, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected, that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and des-troy all the evil reports which she had cir-culated about others. Any thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistic seed before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

Miss Kate Fields has been writing some of her lively letters to the Tribune—this time from Spain. "Madrid," she says, "goes to bed at eight A M., breakfasts at one P. M., takes a stesta before going to the drinking, could only spring from a delasion in regard to the real nature of their
own habits. The sensitiveness of those
people on this subject, however, shows
that they suspect the delusion of which
they are the victims. They claim to be on
the side of temperance. They deprecate
drunkenness, and really don't see what is

WIT AND HUMOR.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"HE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Here is the speech that Mr. Barnam is supposed to have made when he first want into the showman is business, and was exhibiting the Boa Constrictor. It is worthy of the distinguished showman: "John, undo his tail. There ladies and gentlemen, is the wonderful boy constructor, a celled because he constructs many pleasing images with his serpentile form. The constructor is a long animal, as you will perceive, and is very long lived. He lives a hundred years or more, if he don't die beforehand. He is of the wormy species, and worms himself along the ground without legs. He is capable of climbing the highest trees, in which he is fond of concealing himself in the branches thereof, that he may impose upon the benighted traveller or other bessis, whereby to assatiate his hunger. He mashes his vittles before he eats 'em, and then swallows 'em head first. The soa-serpent is much larger, yet I think the boy constructor could lick him; for he is full of pluck. Prick him, John, and make him hiss. When he hisses he is very angry, and cares very little what becomes of him. This is because he is weak minded, and has a small head. He has, however, a very large belly, and when it is full, he is good natured. He has a lovely skin, but is very ugy tempered. He is very sulky and lazy, and bu is so spiteful, it is a mercy he can't talk. I have took care of this mighty snake for three years, but he shows no gratitude. Ho is a glutton, and likes to stuff himself, and then go to sleep. If John don't stir him, (stir him again John!) he would never wake up, except to his victuals. I don't know's I ought to blame him though; because nature is nature, whether in Boston or the rode valleys of Bangal. I have an uncle who has never been there. My uncle tells me he has seen ten thousand boy constructors at one time, a trolicking in the forcet, and eating each other up. My bother does not believe it, but then he has not seen it. My uncle may be depended upon. He was a ship-captain once, and sold rum and su "HE BOA CONSTRICTOR

THE MINISTER'S REPLY

"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons; I am sick of the dull, propy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.
"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.
"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it: I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."
"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this from Bolomon:—'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house."
"Do you mean me, sir?" inquired the lady, quickly.

lady, quickly.

"On, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer: you are too quick in your application."

THE STOLEN PIG.

"Patrick, the Widow Malony tells me that you atole one of her fluest pigs. Is it correct?" "Yis, yer honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it, and ate it, yer honor." "Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig, on the Great Jadgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, then, yer riverence, I'd say, Mrs. Malony, there's yer pig."

A minister at a colored wedding, who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kins the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which ungallant remark the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

"OLD HICKORY."

The following story, which tells how General Jackson got the title of "Old Hickory," is related by Captain William Allen, a near neighbor of the general, and who messed with him during the Creek war. During the campaign the soldiers were moving rapidly to surprise the Indians, and were without tents. A cold March rain came on, mingled with sleet, which lasted for several days. General Jackson got a severe cold but did not complain as he had to sleep in a muddy bottom among his half-frozon soldiers. Captain Allen and his brother John cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark, and made a covering for the general, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl into it. The next morning a drunken citizen enwith dimensity persuaded to craw: into it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and seeing the tent, kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins the topercried, "Heilo, Old Hickory! come out of your bark and jine us in a drunk."

QUODLIBETS

It is said the Digger Indians are never mown to smile. They are grave Diggers. Sailors, though not generally a musical lass, are always able to sound the C cor-"So dark and yet so light," as the man

said when he looked at his ton of coal.

England had a witty poet in Hood; but

England had a witty poet in Hood; but America has one W(h)titier.

Dogs are like Joe Miller, because they furnish wags with their tails.

Fawnbrokers' checks—Turnpike tickets on the road to poverty.

Take but two letters from money and there will be but one left.

When Time shall hang up his scythe he will be moneyer.

will be no mower.

When are ladies like loaf sugar?—When

they are reflued. A horrible cannibal advertises for "a girl to cook."

Ground and lofty tumblers — Cut-glass

gotlets.

Would you open a dead lock with a skele-The only wages never reduced-The wages of sin.

The Impersonal in Beauty.

The Impersonal in Beauty.

Beauty has an expression beyond and
far above the one woman's soul that it
clothes: as the words of genius have a
wider meaning than the thought that
prompted them. It is more than a woman's
love that moves us in a woman's eye—it
seems to be a far-off mighty love that has
come near to us, and made speech for itself there: the rounded neck, the dimpted
arm, move us by something more than
their prettiness—by their close kinship
with all we have known of tenderness and
peace. The noblest nature sees the most peace. The noblest nature of this impersonal expression of beauty The noblest nature sees the most

Copy Com

ONE MOON AGO

[KEPUBLISHED]

air messe, licar l'in jealem.
For you may iluger where
l'd give a mine of ciamonds.
It il wou a place me there
let moon llove thee dearly
You smile on both I know.

You clambered o'er the tree-to We lingered on the hill; A sense of binsent living. Our pilese seemed to threll; You gave us a tood bleesing. We passed inside the door. To sit become the window, Upon the monalit floor,

Leaning without the window,

listened to its music

E'en now I passe to hear he echoes of that singing That comes unto mine a neased my little birding His name, robin or dove? But now I know 'tis love. BEULAII.

THE SEA OF FIRE:

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER XI. BREAKING THE NEWS

On his return to Para after the exciting On his return to Fara after the exciting events immediately following the forgery. Anbrey De Lancy found that Mignel and the other servants had reached home before him. They had heard nothing, seen nothing, done nothing. Their whole course of action had been to scour the edge of the forest, and to return to Para as quickly as possible.

a request that the señor would pay an immediate visit to Aubrey De Lancy.
While Aubrey breakfasted, he endeavored to think of a safe plan for breaking the name of Levi's ablention to he father.

opened note on the table beside Aubrey's

ammock.

"De señor am not at home. He am at present degaged in visiting in Pombai. He sill come back in a week. De whole planation am in a finsteration of excitement. Schorita Incz can't be found; as de poet savs-' Dey looked on high, dev looked

That will do, Seth. You may go." And Soth went out, muttering

And Seth went out, muttering the rest of "de poets" words.
Aubrey felt anticiently grateful for this respite. But, he asked himself, was it not his duty to write to Señor de Vastro? There was no time to lose. The villain Burleigh had the advantage of a twelve-bours start, and if the girl were to be rescued, pursuit should begin at once. Aubrey was, of course, ignorant that Burleigh had taken to the water, as it werelie thought it probable that he was making for some sceluded haunt of his in the vast forest.

Aubrey shuddered at the thought of Aubrey shuddered at the thought of communicating the plain, unvarinshed truth to the bereaved father. Looks and tones might have softened the hard fact, but that seemed beyond the power of unsympathizing ink and paper.

When theth came in with more writing materials—for Aubrey spoiled his whole stock in trying to concoct a suitable episte.

his master asked him with whom Se

de Vastro was staying at Pombal.
Seth's curiosity had led him to find that
out, and other minor particulars which
abbrey interrupted as they flowed from the

Seth's curiosity had led him to find that out, and other minor particulars which Aubrey interrapted as they flowed from the negro's willing lips.

Schor de Vastro was at the house of his consin, lisron de Val-Vert.

Aubrey pushed saide his pile of spoiled paper, and began a new letter, addressed to the Baron de Val-Vert. This was better than writing directly to de Vastro.

Having dispatched the letter, Aubrey

stranger, he announced:
"A pistol from the Chief of Police."
"What?"

"Mhat?"

"A pistol from the Chief of Police," he repeated, pompously, giving Aubrey a note.

"An epistle, I suppose you mean, Seth."
Aubrey tore open the note, and perused it cancelly.

the first vessel that sails. I'll do as much as I can toward winding up the business here, and leave the rest to the clerks."
Senor de Vastro clasped his hand, and said in an agitated voice—
"You may be on a false scent, senor, but your conduct is none the less noble. Depend upon it, your affairs shall not suffer while I am here."
"Thank you, senor. I am but hastening my intended departure by a few

ing my intended departure by a few

Aubrey ascertained that the brig Thetis il for New York in three Ho ongaged a passage in the Thetis.

CHAPTER VII

ON THE ISLE OF THE SUN.

To wind up the affair: of the bank in three days seemed to Aubrey, in spite of his impetuous determination to follow Inez—a determination which carried him

Aubrey did not waste much time on his own personal preparations. He took the Ruby from its iron easket, and hung it round his neck by another steel chain as he had done with the former one. He intended to restore it to his father and as an explanation.

But there was one thing, the loss of which he felt more than even that of the other Ruby. This was Mildred Vernes souvenir—the half-finished sketch of pansion and forget-me-nots. He trusted Mildred Vernes wholly: and, although for two years no token of her love had come to him, yet he never doubted her constancy. But the loss of the sketch—the only tan-loss of the sketch of the sketch of the sketch of the sketch

the voyage, a kind of fever seized him—a burning cagerness to see once sgain home and Mildred Verne.

It was well he could no more easily pierce the future than he could the horizon, for months of heart-sick, weary waiting were between his home and him.

One morning, Captain Moyer, of the brig Thetis, came aft, where Aubrey was scated, silently watching the ocean, with an unread book in his hand. The captain's face was unusually grave.

The state of the s

ing along the principal street.

"I will do my best to restore your daughter to you," said Aubrey. "I am sure that any search for her made here, in this city, or province, or all Brazil, would be without effect. The United States is the place to seek her."

the news of Inex's abduction to her father
He would have rather faced an armed enemy than this old man. His mind was in no state for planning anything, and the more be tried to think, the more confused be became.

At last Seth returned. He laid the unter the first vessel that sails. I'll do as much

Thetis.

The tis.

For ten days they alternately rowed and sailed as the wind changed. Ten long, weary days, during which the men became pale and hollow-eved, and the capitain lay, part of the time, ill of fever, for the water that rails. I'll do as much seemed as if death or madness had marked them all, when black clouds gathered and

them all, when black clouds gathered and rain fell.

Oh, blessed rain:

Rough saitors who from childhood had never said a prayer, raised their hands in thanksgiving for this merciful relief.

Tongues of human mould could never tell all that this rain from Heaven was to them.

all that this ram from Hoaven was to them.

Night came, and the rain still fell. A
sudden flash of lightning pierced the darkness, and revealed sombre lines of rock
above the brim of the distant sea.

The captain, who had been leaning
heavily against the side of the boat, cast
away the sail in which he was wrapped,
three up his arms, and shouted wildly.

Land!

Another livid flash.

"Land! Land!" the men re-echoed. The captain fell back against Aubrey. In alarm, Aubrey gazed into his face. The fever-flush had faded. He would never

Inex—a determination which carried him over all minor obstacles—an almost impossible undertaking, and so, having done all he could, "he left the rest to the clerka" and to a certain Schor Matteo, whom de Vastro recommended, whose outer man resembled wrinkled parchment and whose whole soul was concentrated upon business.

Anbrey did not waste much time on his outer line of rocks that gur and presented upon it, and, roaring madly, east it.

the light might perchance attract a passing ahip.

Through the darkness of the night, the ship glowed and flamed. Between the tall mainmast and the fire, the struggle was grand and appalling. The mast seemed endowed with life as it writted and eracked, at last falling into the sea.

The spectacle was magnificent; but even a mid the exhibitation which such a seem involuntarily less bold and brave at the thought that the ship—their ocean-homeworld in a few hours be scattered through the elements.

When the gray light of morning broke, the Thetis had burned to the water's edge. No sail came in sight, and the boats in company moved away from the wrecked as il death or made as if death or madness had marked them all, when black cloude, eathered and them all, when black cloude, eathered and them all, when black cloude, eathered them all, when black cloude, eathered and fine the ship. Wen delived them all, when black cloude, eathered and them all, when black cloude, eathered them all, when black cloude, eathered and them all, when black cloude, eathered and the ship. Wen cloude and the ship allow and the struggle was gray and the experiments.

In a place of the insan and of the insane baronne was at the botton of the strange proceeding.

Raiph De Lancy and Dr. Bulstrode were inconsolable at the loss of their enchant the arms of sleep, and were shoring peacefully.

"Of what tribe are you?" asked Aubrey.

"Of what tribe are you?" a

it yonder, drawn upon the beach—we have read rear our ship until it sank. Then we aped to this island. The children of the arc free!"

This island is a large domain for seven a, "observed Adbrey, feeling uncombible ander the flery open of the chief. Seven!" exclaimed Chinoba, with a sh langh. "We were but seven: we noter hundreds now. There have been obtained in Para, and each brought a turned, dropping his travelling bag, preparatory to seizing & see in his arms. "This island is a large domain for seven men," observed Aubrey, feeling incomfortable under the flery eyes of the chief.

"Seven!" exclaimed Chinoba, with a harsh laugh. "We were but seven; we number hundreds now. There have been revolutions in Para, and each brought a fres | accession to our number. We are all animated by one spirit -hatred of our

all atimated by one spirit—hatred of our conqueror. We are all sworn to propitate the Sun by shedding their blood. Tomorrow at sunrise you shall die!

In spite of his attempt at stoical self-control, Aubrey turned paler, and sunk back sgainst the pole, to which he was tied. Chincha hastily called for water, and threw saids the ulbit-coat in which Autrem saids the ulbit-coat in which Aubrey was enveloped. As it happened, the chain, attached to the fixed by strong steel. "I love you still. Come, Kose, give me wire net-work that entirely surrounded the one word of constort before I'm off. I go one word of constort before I'm off.

The young Indian who had carried authors up from the beach instantly obeysdair glas. As a preliminary step, he went to Captand Aubrey started to his feet. His first As a preliminary step, he went to Captand Durivage, and asked for an exact description of the boat.

but himself in dules for nitrits and his novel. There is no one that relique his promound in remind him novel. There is no one that relique his promound in the control of the second of strange language, of which Aubrey undersized a word here and there.

"This white is alive," said the voice, coming nearer.

Aubrey raised himself on his elbow, and bent over him. One was an old man, with a brown face as stern and immobile as if it had been cut from stone. He walked erect and stately, though the white hair abrown face as stern and immobile as if it had been cut from stone. He walked erect and stately, though the white hair abrown face as stern and immobile as if it had been cut from stone. He walked erect and stately, though the white hair abrown face as stern and immobile as if it had been cut from stone. He walked erect and stately, though the white hair abrown face as stern and immobile as if it had been cut from stone. The walked erect and stately and pointed a calcumation. The noise roused it he gardle of his tunic proclaimed his age. A large necklace of jaguar's teeth was his only ornament.

The other Indian was a young man with nothing noticeable about him, except the chest and arms.

"The white must die with the rest. We will sacrifice him to the great king, the will accrifice him to the great king, the large the boat the old man.

Aubrey dimly understood the words. He tured to the old man.

"Are you a chief?' he asked, using the Lingoo Geral.

"I am chief of the people on this is island," answered the old man, proully, using the same language. "I am chind the captive of the same conditions of the same proceed to the same conditions of the same proceed to the same of th

It was not strange that Anbrey De Lancy felt sick at heart.

Day after day, Anbrey and on the highest rock, waiting for a vessel to come in sight. One white sail passed, but, though the Indians treated him with respect, believing that his presence among them secured good fortune to them, they would not allow him to make signals.

Day after day, hoping, despairing, he watched; and day after day, he watched in vain. Months passed, and he was still a captive on the Isle of the Hun.

And Mildred—did she think of him?—pray for him? And, ornel doubt which

pray for him? And, ernel doubt which added intensity to his agony!—was she true to him?

A BOY & SCRIBBLING.

When it became known on board the Gloria that the Val-Verts had anddenly Gioria that the Val-Verts had suddenly disappeared with the gig, the majority of the passengers were surprised but less shocked than might have been the case had the soi-disant Mademoiselle Val-Vert been a less fascinating personage and her brother a more commoner instead of a baron.

How it had been done was still a myster to Cautain hardware.

How it had been done was still a mystery to Captain Durivage, who growled and grambled like an enraged mastiff. The men on the watch that night could have told him; but Burleigh had bribed them well, and, in consequence, they let the captain storm, londly protesting their innocence of any knowledge of the affair.

The truth was, that being so near New York, and discovering by Felix Brierwood's improdent revelation, that they were known, the Burleighs had concluded that flight was their best resource. Burleigh had no difficulty in bribing the men on the watch. He made it worth their while to brave the short-lived anger of Captain Durivage. They even assisted him to lower Inez into the bost, while Laura stiffed her screams as best she could.

stified her screams as best she could.

Auid the excitement of preparing to land, the passengers of the Gloria had but little time to give to the subject. A week ago, it would have been a topic of most absorbing interest, but now they contented themselves with pitying poor Mademoiselle Val-Vert, and presuming that some vagary of the insane baronne was at the bottom of the atransa proceeding.

"In Ireland, perhaps, but not here. De-behave yourself. I don't think my unclo-likes Irishmon."

"Oh, indeed! Faith, I ve the same ob-

"Oh, indeed: Faith, I ve the same objection to Yankows."
"And you condescend to make an exception in my favor," said itose, delighted at the prospect of getting out of the dufficulty by means of a quarrel. "With all

one work that entirely surrounded the gen, had worked itself outside of Aubrey's midergarments. The chief took the chain his hand.

"Bring water," he cried, as several Initians entered. "The victim of the San aust not die yet."

But a change came over his face. He leaving her admirer in a state between each looking at the Echy. He turned it thus settle here and from the face the state of the san one work has a compared. was looking at the Ruby. He turned it thus issue hope and frantic despair. He was toward the light, and examined it narrowly.

Then he reverently replaced it on Aubrey's during his stay on board, and he was finally

Then be reverently replaced it on Aubrey's neck.

"I am better," said Aubrey. "It was only a sudden faintness. I fear not death at your hands, chief. I thought for an instant of one—"

"Unbind him!" commanded Chincha.
"See! On his bosom burns the Sea of Fire—the Ruby of the Incas. Unbind him!" and received him!" we cannot harm him! He is free!"

The young Indian who had carried Aubrey of prom the beach instantly obeysads:

Judy August 1 and he was finally obliged to depart in an exceedingly disconsolate state of mind.

Feltx Britarwood resolved to find Inex do Vastro at all hazards, and having lake his report before the firm, and received glowing encomposes upon the thorough manner in which he had performed him take, he asked for two months leave of absence. It was readily granted him, and he began his search by attempting to trace the began his search by attempting to trace the

"Don't you see it's safest after all to return the gig? It is not probable he has any use for it, and now that it is in the hands of its rightful owners it can't betray him. Don't you see?"

"Yes, plainly, but I was speaking of the note."

Don't you see?"

"Yes, plainly, but I was speaking of the noie—"

"Well, let us suppose the real Baron ValVert was on board the Gloria. His wife is insane, let us say. One night she falls or jumps overboard, which is evidently what Burleigh wishes us to infer. Instead of giving the alarm, the baron unlooses the gig, takes his sister and rows after her." The captain laughed. "Now, if the real baron would do these things, the real baron would do these things, the real baron would do the end of the captain laughed. "Now, if the real baron would do the and I will be send an apology for borrowing it without permission. Burleigh puts himself in the real baron spiace, and does as he thinks the real baron would do. He and I may meet again, and there's no use making an enemy of me. Besides, although you know his real name and character, it is possible that you may not have enlightened me. You understand?"

"It think so."

" I think so "I think so."

"Butti's too thin, my Lord Burleigh—it's too thin, "said the captain, laughing. "The best laid schemes, &c. The Gloria starts again day after to-morrow."

"Bo soon?" said Feltz, looking at the note closely. "Have you noticed that there's no date or name of place on this precious ensistle?

Prectous epistle?
"Yes. You'll not be able to trace him

"The police - The police can't "Bother the police! The police can't work on nothing."
"Nothing? Do you mean— What's that writing in the bottom of the gig?"
They both bent down and read in long, straggling letters, made with chalk, a name scrawled all over the inside of the boat. It was—"Jimmy Trambull."
Felix examined it in silence.
"Had you a passanger or saller of the

tain watched him with an amused face

tain watched him with an anusod face.
"No. I think not."
"Are you positive, captain?"
"Positive, as to this last voyage."
"In that case, I will advertise for this Junusy Trambull."
"You're a fool, Brierwood," said the captain, laughing good humoredly. "Why the deuce can't you leave this secondrel to the police?

he police?"

Felix reddened, but said nothing. Feitz reddened, but said nothing.

"The police will nab him one day or other. Fellows of his stamp always get caught sconer or later. Let Burleugh alone, and mind your own business, I say."

"Captain," said Felix, "what would you do if Kose were in the power of a wretch like Burleigh?"

"By George: Id—Id—" And Captain Durivage brought his flat down upon the rail with a thunderous and expressive thump.

"There is a lady in his power whom I have promised to help," said Felix, quietly.

have promised to help, "said Folix, quietly.
"I have never broken my word. I will
advertise for Jimmy Trumbull at once. It

"At least, there is a chance.
The captain shook his head.
"Going, licierwood? Drop on board, and let me know how you're getting on."
"Poor fellow, said the captain, after he had gone, "he's in love with that Spanish git. Poor fellow!"
Felix advertised in the principal New

York papers, offering a reward to as Jummy Trumball who could give him co-tain information. Jimmy Trumboll who could give him cer-tain information.

Two Jimmy Trumbulls called at his hotel, and professed themselves willing to give him any amount of information about themselves, but neither of them him had seen the water, and neither of them had seen Ross Burdeigh or the gig of the Gioria.

At the end of the week, a tell, sailor-levier, one with red her came leading

At the end of the week, a tall, sailor-looking man, with red hair came, leading a small, sailor looking boy, also with red but tall.

You advortised, sir in a dage whise r "make your bow, Jimmy."
The small boy bobbed his small red head see, and then sat on his chair very uprgist, evidently expecting to be congratu-ated on his performance.

"Fora Jimmy Trumbull," said Felix.

"Is that your name?"
"That's your man, said the person addressed, covering the boy's head with his

hige hand.
"Im Junusy Trumbull, sir."
"Im his father, sir. He's a fine boy, sir—a fine boy. He'll grow older, sir—I mean he'll grow larger, sir." The sailor-looking man stammered and became incoherent in his anticty to chumerate his are excellences. "If you was turning of som a expellences. "If you was thinkin of doptin him or settin him up in business, I wouldn't object—for a consideration."

Fritz smiled slightly.
"I merely want to ask him a question Oh, I'll answer all questions," said the "Oh, Il suswer all questions, "said the man. "He s my son. His name is Jummy Trumbuli. If you've taken a fancy to him, you're welcome to him cheap." "But I haven I taken a fancy to him," Father and son looked at each other in

astonishment.
"My son in law, John Moore, read it in

the 'Herald'-Charles Com

worth while. If you fork over an X, I might know something about that boat myself."

"If you can tell me what I want to know, I'll make it twice that," said Felix, sagerly.

"Is that a bargain?"

Falix took out two ten-dollar notes, and placed them under a paperweight on the table.

"There's the money all ready," he said. "There's the money all ready," he said. "Mow, where was that boat?"

"A white gig with a green stripe?"

"Yea, and a name?"

"Yea, and a name?"

"Where did you see it?"

"At pier No. —, It was there a day. I do jots about the wharves, and I happened to be watching a lot of molesses, and Jimmy here brought my dinner down that day. Youngsters like to dabble in the water, you know, sir, so I just lifted him into the boat, and said down to take my dinner in peace, when up comes a tall, brown-freed chan. He seeds that it is age were to come by I should not take my dinner in peace, when up comes a tall, brown-freed chan. He seeds the said, "whispered Florence;" but he didn't as whether right or left. What shill we have to be done by I should be proved freed chan. He stood, and stared the month."

"That woman again! That Croole we saw at Mrs. Seponce's! Theses was at Mrs. Seponce's! Theses was at Mrs. Seponce's! That Croole we saw at Mrs. Seponce's! That woman again! That Croole we saw at Mrs. Seponce's! That Croole we saw at Mrs. Seponce's! That ourstakes was at Mrs. Seponce's! That Croole we saw at Mrs. Seponce's! Theses was at Mrs. Seponce's! That ourstakes was at Mrs. Seponce's! That Croole we saw at Mrs. Seponc

"So I kept shady, and at twelve the tall chap came, give me a V., threw a note into the boat, and told me to take the locat out to the Gloria, which I did, tying it to my own batteau and towing it out."
"Did you see the tail man when you returned?" asked Feltz.

"Yes. He had been watching me, for he was just turning on his heel as Handed." Could you tell me what he was like?"
I ain't much of a hand at that sort of thing. He was taller—much taller than

He was taller much taller than you, air with a dark mustacne, and almost black eyes, very close together." "Burleigh!" muttered Feitz, "Can

"Burleigh!" muttered Feits. "Can you tell me anything more about him? "Not much. I was natrally cor'ds about the chap, and as I had no pressin' job on hand, I just kept shady, and followed him." Trumbull looked dubtiously at the money on the table, and besitated.

"Go on!" cried Feits. "Go on!"
"Thus't con thick you might eiter a hard.

"You can leave him here, and return for him. Every minute is valuable."
"I say, mister, why did you ask about his writin? Hee a smart boy, and I shouldn't wonder if he's been in the papers as an infant prodigal. There's no known what them reporters is up to You didn't bear about his writin in that way, did

you?"
No. He had scribbled his name in the bottom of the bost. That a the way I found you cut, hurriedly answered Fella.

't possible! Good-bye, Jimmy.

"It be beck soon."

"Is be goin to dopt me, dad?"

"No," cried dad, as Felix pushed him to the hall, "but he might do worse."

"He's a fraud, "creamed the small boy bursting into tears. "Get more money out of him, dad?"

Dad chuckled and saked l'elix if he didn't

Making sure that his revolver was safe in few to the wardrobe is breast pocket, he accended the steps, "Oh, how pretty,

46" A Mr. Watheisner, of Louisville, Ky., has a medal which bears on one side a head of King David, and on the other the inscription in Hebrew, "You shall have but one God in the world." The date is "in the 20th pear of the House of David, "which, the most of David," which,

day. Youngsters like to dabble in the water, you know, air, so I just lifted him into the boat, and sat down to take my dinner in peace, when up comes a tall, brown-faced chap. He stood, and stared at me awhile.

"Fine day, says he, at last.
"Hop you'll know me again, says l.
"Do you see that steamer out there? says he.
"Of course, says I, 'it's the Gioria, Capisin Durivage, South America."
"Right, says he, 'I sposs you wouldn't of ject to takin that beat out to the steamer to night for a consideration?"
"This was kinder snapscious-like, but twelve he had over the consideration."
"Hand over the consideration, and I'll do it now.
"Not now, says he, 't-night about twelve, Be here, and I'll come down. Keep shady, if you care for your own interest."
"So I kept shady, and at twelve the tall chap came, give me a V, threw a note into the best and told me to take the loss."
We were carrying out Arthur Balfours.

"A little way from the house, 'be said, 'whispered Florence, 'but he did to take the loss."
"High way hinder to come by I should de of fright!"
"If a policeman were to come by he would probably take us up, said I, which you had better go one way and I the other till we find the carriage."
A welcome voice close beside us supersted this excellent suggestion.
"Florence, my own, my dearest:"

Clasped in somebody a arms, she was intended into a corner of the carriage."

'It must have been our fancy, dear, 'I stad, trying to reassure Florence, by all sorts of conjectures in which I had no belief whatever myself. "We are both in rewards at the consideration of the carriage."

A little way from the house, 'be add, 'there are not allowed the constituent of the carriage."

A preference, my own, my dearest:

Clasped in somebody a arms, she was intended into a corner of the carriage.

"It must have been our fancy, dear,' I must have been our fancy, dear,' I must have been our fancy to the wind my stream of the conscience when the question of what my sunt and uncle would think of my conscience, by all sould into the other t

we were carrying out Arthur Baffours on one way to the house of a friend at Hampstead, with whom he had been staying for air or eight weeks. There we were to spend the night, and in their parish the green and Florence were near thorning to be married. Our heat was to than 1 the distinct of the distinc

ing black travelling truck—"Mr. Balfour asked me to provide you with a few things till your wardrobe could follow you, Miss the villa.

Early though we arrived Arthur was there be you will like what I have chosen. And I am aware that you will be cold winter morning Mr. Gordon gave Flowerten, and as there is almost a superstitton among brides as to a proper studied costume, and wither is almost a superstitton among brides as to a proper bridel costume, and vet you must wear that the villa.

Early though we arrived Arthur was affection.

"Don't think this a cold welcome, there is almost a cold welcome, while I confess to losing much of the solemnity of the service by the fore I sent for you, but any sadden emotion is still too much for me. "I am sorry to see you looking ill, my sales, in fear lest some uninvited guest might yet forbid the mich. ridal costume, and yet you must nothing to merrow to attract attention. I have ventured to have a light sit made to have ventured to have a light six made to fit you as nearly as possible from descrip-tion, over which you can wear a large tra-veiling closk, and I have put with it my own wreath and well, which I can myself bring back from the church after the cere-mony, if you don't mind wearing it." Fiorence impulsively threw her arms round Mrs. Gordon's neck and kissed her. "Oh, how good you are:" be cried and

own westal and veil, which I can myself through the during his constraints on the state of the suppose of the s ould get no further; but her eyes and her middle for the keys and her rotce nufficiently expressed her gratitude. "My dear," said Mra. Gordon gently, "no one can help sympathising with yoe, in ing Forty seventh street, ambull stopped before a gloomy-look old-fashioned house. On the door and rone of the front windows was the in faded git letters—dame Bourle, Clairvoyant, serwood paid Trambull, and took his very early."

peering scrutinizingly into the dim distant aisles, in fear lest some uninvited guest darling."

"I have had a great deal of trouble during the uninvited guest dur might yet forbid the union. The ceremony was concluded, Mrs. Gor

The ceremony was concluded, Mrs. Gordon had reatured possession of her sacred
fuery, and the bride and bridegroom were
receiving congratulations, good wishes and
adieux, long, I suspect, before Mr. and
Mrs. Cope who were not accustomed to
see Florence very early in the morning) had
discovered our flight.
When Mrs. Balfour and I parted, she had
recovered her color and her smiles; and
while my family were still discussing their
sariy lunch. I scattered their seremity to

The fog and chill of late October did not make a journey to the North of England a very inviting prospect, but I was too happy at the thought of seeing Florence again to care about externais. I was full of curiosity to see her home, and how she would play her part as its mistrees. I had been brought up in an old-fashioned way, to know a great deal more about domestic affairs than is usual to young ladies now-a-days, and my thoughts took a very practical turn, for I caucht myself sincerely hoping she had good caught myself sincerely hoping she had good servants, as I faucied she would be pretty

caught myself sincerely hoping ane had good servants, as I faucied she would be pretty much in their hands, owing to her youth and utter inexperience. But though I did not expect to find an immense amount of good management in her household, I had no doubt that there would be plenty of the "love that aweetens sugariess tes."

Meditating thus, and looking forward to a joyful meeting with Florence, and the pretty enthusiasm with which she would take me over her house and grounds, the journey through the chill autumn weather did not seem long or dull, though my only companion was my brother Sydney, whose stock of conversation was of a limited and somewhat monotonous character. He left me at the station with manifest reluctance, proceeding less from fraternal affection than from an intense desire to drive the saucy pony in the pretty little park carriage which had been sent for me. However, a return ticket and his guardian's commands

It was a were placed by the second of the form of another five for all the second of the form of the second of the s

Nothing so tragical occurred, however.

The ceremony was concluded, Mrs. Gorbon bad resumed possession of her sacred mery, and the bride and bridegroom were desire we went to Kensington, though I suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desire we went to when the suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desire we went to when the suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desire we went to when the suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bride and bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose about three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced in the bridegroom were desired to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced to be a suppose a bout three miles had been traced to be a suppose a bout three reit sure it would not be of the signtest, see. Of course mamma refused to admit us; she is not softened in the least toward me. And then Mr. Balfour called on paper's solicitors, much against my wishes: and how do you think paper's fortune was left, Alice?"

"I cannot resultly oness."

"When I've asked your son a few questions, I shall be done with him," said Felix. "If he gives no the information I require, I will pay him well."
"Heads approach passage, Jimmy," said his affectionate faiter.
"All right, ded" And the small boy wirshied his forehead and squinted violently by way of 'brushing up his brain."
"I've his forehead and squinted violently good. Carl, I, ded?"
"I'we will head to good the felix."
"A fersily good. Carl, I, ded?"
"I'm as well heads some one moving, days. You may be bestow some an annual best for the quiet to what it may fore, my oung days. You may be don't know that if you want to make a will in his feavor, he can't be a witness to—"
"I'm hand her hand clasped in mine, Fiorence began to talk, so condidently and tenderly, of the high part of the store for her.

"I'will be so delightful, Alica, to make the properties of the properties and tender to be oblightful, Alica, to make the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties and tester from Mrs. Cope, with the same gentleman, so as the effair was altogether exceptional, perhaps the mary to an exceed a will as so obtightful, Alica, to make the properties of of color. By a corresponding change the gentle dignity of her manner compensated for the old animation; and but that both manner and appearance indicated ill-health, I should soon have been reconciled to the transformation.

manner and appearance indicated ill-health. I should soon have been reconciled to the transformation.

Mr. Balfour, who was chatting with a friend in a large bay-window which overlooked a glossy tre shaded lawn at the back of the house, crossed the room to speak to me, and in him I found no change at all. He looked as handsome as ever, as cynical, as acif possessed, and his greeting was perfectly polite, without the alighiest grain of cordiality or good will. I was sorry to find my old dislike and distrust of him, which had vanished under the warnth and earnestness of his manner at the time of his marriage, return in full force.

The evening passed pleasantly enough; Major Calville, the friend, was a lively, intelligent man, just returned from "doing penause at Gib," and ready to be very well pleased at resuming the ordinary comforts and conveniences of English home-life. Mr. Balfour and he were both good talkers and both sang tolerably to Florence's necompaniment; though there was a restless impatience in cur host a manner, under all its enforced courtesy, which struck me very unpleasantly.

The gentlemen sought the smoking-room early, leaving Florence and me to a long chat over old times before parting for the night.

the night.

Next morning at breakfast—why do people invariably choose breakfast time, which ought to be a pleasant preparation for the inevitable worries of the day, to break purposes at the cap, to

" Surely you will not treat your guests so "He is not my guest."

"And would you compet Miss Mostyn to dine in her own room?"

"Alice will not mind dining with me, And my health is sufficient excuse to any one size."

And my nearing is summent excuse to any one else."

"Some people's ill-health is extremely convenient. You were so very much better when you wanted to drive to the station yesterday."

Florence made no reply.

"On this occasion, at all events, you must appear, as Lady Towers will be here."

must appear, as Lady Towers will be here."

"I decline to invite her," said Florence, speaking quietly but with rising color.

"Fortunately she need not wait for that, as I have already done so."

"You have invited her?"

"Certainly. Ob, we are all too old acquaintances to stand on any ceremony or nonsense, if that is what you mean."

"She accepted an invitation from you!" repeated Florence, with an indescribable expression of scorn.

"I have said so once, have I not? And Florence, I request that you treat her civilly, and don't give way to any confounded obstinacy or jealousy or pique, such as you sometimes treat her to.

She was too hurt, perhaps too angry to expostniate then, and was about to leave the table, when Major Calville entered, and Florence resumed her seat, outwardly un-

Florence resumed ner seat, outwardly undisturbed.
"Yen know Lady Towers, Calville?"
"A deuced fine woman," replied the major, busy with his game pie, and happily unconscious that he was treading on dan-

She started to her feet; a radiant color reason why Mrs. Balfour regards her with often in the worst ta-

versed"There!" said Florence, reining up on

CHAPTER VII.

"To worship idols, and to find them clay.

And to bewait that worship."

— Pelicia Homano.

Little more was said about the dinnerparty till the appointed day arrived. Florence told her housekeeper to inquire of
Mr. Balfour how many were expected, and
left all further arrangements to her—taking no interest herself in providing flowers
or fruit, or arranging her rooms to the best
advantage, or any of the easy tasks so
pleasant to most young wives. Yet no one
could say that any actual duty was neglected; indeed abe often surprised me by the
care and regularity with which they were
all performed, and the scrupulous exactness with which the interests of those
around her were respected. But it was all
lifeless and joyless, and infinitely painful
to witness.

Florence dressed for the dinner-party
with the same absolute indifference, and if
she looked fair in her black crape dress
and sprays of white syrings, it really seemed to be in spite of herself.

But she came into my room to superintend my toilet with something of her old
animation, and was pleased to express approval of my rose-colored silk.

We went down-stairs together, and found
several gentlemen assembled, the appearance and style of all whom, save one, I
disapproved entirely. The majority of
them looked, I thought, "horsy;" were
loud dressers and loud talkers, and paid
their devoirs to us with that ostentation of
homage which is so palpably insinoere.

their devoirs to us with that ostentati

their devoirs to us with that ostentation or homage which is so palpably instincere. Then there was a sprinkling of "sons of the soil;" not that intelligent order which has sprung up of late years, but a type only a few degrees above the Squire Westerns and Tony Lumpkins of a past generation.

generation.

The exception was a Mr. Cecil, whose The exception was a Mr. Cecil, whose open, kindly young face, with its expression of honest energy, was the only one in the whole room, I felt certain, to which a child would accord its intuitive trust. He was good looking, too, though not strikingly handsome; and well-read, though by no means a bookworm. His manner was as frank and cordial as his appearance promised. He joined us immediately on our entrance, and made the unhappy half-hour before dinner belie its name.

"I am very glad you have come to take

people invariably choose breakfast time, which ought to be a pleasant preparation for the inevitable worries of the day, to broach unpleasant topics or make unpalatable suggestions?—during breakfast the family skeleton peeped out of his closest for a moment, and I got a slight clue to Fiorence's altered looks.

Mejor Calville had not yet appeared, and our first cups of coffee were cooling, when Mr. Baifour said to his wife, with what I could not help thinking was assumed carelessness—

"I cannet manage long walks or ridea on the feoruph, for I have not seen beyond her own grounds for an age."

"I cannet manage long walks or ridea on the feoruph, for I have not seen beyond her own grounds for an age."

"I cannet manage long walks or ridea of always driving alone. It will be different with Miss Mostyn our fine bold country. There are some capital to dinner."

Florence looked gravely up from her letters, but did not reply.

"I have already asked Towers," he pansed again.

"I have already told you I shall not receive him."

"I have already told you I shall not receive him."

"Nonsense: at all events he is invited, and he will come with the rest."
I's am not obliged to see him. I shall not come down to dinner."

I's have a ready told you I shall not receive her guests with the coldest and most ceremonious politeness, and to answer Lady Towers's dowers, had risen to receive her guests in with the coldest and most ceremonious politeness, and to answer Lady Towers's voluble expressions of pleasure at her restored heatth and gratification at visiting Beech Hail—"So kind, dear Mrs. Balfour, to receive me in this friendly way, without the formality of exchanging calls"—in icy monosyllables which would have daunted any one not encased in that person's trip's armor of effrontery, vanity, and insensibility. Lady Towers was of that uncertain age, which may be either a rather worn and hard-looking five-and-twenty, or a rather blooming and prosperous five-and thirty, with a brilliant complexion, dazzling iceth, and very black hair and eyebrows—all of which, I was inclined to think, owed a little of their lustre to the aid of art, most nicely adjusted. Her figure was good, her smiles (of which she was profuse) were bright, and her costume, though effect had been studied rather than taste, was becoming; altogether as was understable a visit to be looked. was profuse) were bright, and her costume, though effect had been studied rather than taste, was becoming; altogether she was undeniably a striking-looking woman, calculated to esptivate uneducated eyes. But no one could possibly have made the mistake of regarding her as a lady by nature, whatever she might be by title; and standing beside Florence, she reminded me of a flaunting, overblown peopy placed next to a half-opened arum, with its pure perfect white leaves still folded, and promising a heart of sweetness not laid bare to the public eye.

Sir John Towers hore a vague resemblance to Arthur Balfour himself, with all his bad qualities in excess, and all his redeeming traits absent. He was what is usually called "a fine man"—tall, large, broad-shouldered, and erect, carrying himself with a slight wagger which he called

broad-shouldered, and erect, carrying him-self with a slight swagger which he called "a presence," having large dark eyes, a straight nose, and a large glossy black beard, long even to eccentricity. He talked duently with some alight harry. "So I think: which is probably the reason why Mrs. Balfour regards her with invincible prejudice."

This was an outrageous speech, and Florence turned whiter than her morning-dross. But Major Calville had the good scales of very easy and familiar French and German phrases, which he considerately translated for the benefit of his humbles and the same to take it as a joke, and langhed.

"Well I shouldn't think she was quite in Mrs. Balfour's style," he said good-humoredly. "Poor Towers's taste is rather loud in liveries, carriages, furniture and wives."

"Is he a modern Bus Beard, then?" I inquired, to break the wretched silence.

"Why no, Miss Mostyn, not that I am aware of. I only spoke in the plural to make my numbers agree, you know."

Presently we all left the table, and Florence, after a questioning gaze at the sky, and she would drive me to the village. For some time we rode in silence. When I suppose about three miles had been tra-

"Balfour has entired the rest of the

men into the billiard-room, but I prefer, as you know, Mrs. Balfour, to bask in the you know, him. Ballour, to bask in the smiles of beauty."

"I think," said Florence very gravely, "your proceedes would be more appreciated in the bilard room."

"Now that is so cruel." he replied, altering his resition.

in the bi hard room."

Now that is so cruel!" he replied, altering his position a little so as to command a view of himself in an opposite pierglass, and stroking his beard a fectionately. "I am reduced to the lowest depths of despair; assist me to rise from them by granting a request I have to profier. We are still straggling about our Yorkshire moors, you know, hilling something-principally time, I must confess—and the weather has brightened wonderfully within the last few days, so we propose to take advantage of it for a kind of al frescopen air—affair, a sort of out-of-season picnic, you know, in the old rains near Feliscar. My keeper's cottage is in the neighborhood, and be will light a gypsy fire somewhere in shelter; and the ladies will bring nectar and ambrosia to us sportsmen. Will you be one of our Hebes?"

"I am in every way unfitted for the part."

part."

Nay, you are quite mistaken. Let me persuade you. Balfour will be of the party."

"I have neither strength nor inclination for such excursions."

Company

made and

significant specific and the second of the s

about as much sincere gratitude, I am afraid, as people usually feel toward the bearers of bad news; and he turned to on the garden gate for Florence, who at

open the garden gas to this moment appeared.

We drove off, and I sat silent, wondering how I should approach the subject which had been entrusted to me, when an odd coincidence gave me the opening I wanted. Just as we gained the top of a lofty bill, up which Sancho plodded patiently, we saw two figures riding through the sales me a groom following in tiently, we saw two figures riding through the valley below us, a groom following in the distance. I thought I recognized Arthur Balfoor, and though in the changed costume I might not have known the lady he secompanied, Florence's heightened color made me guess who it n.u.t be.

"I wish," said I, dashing recklessly into the subject, "you could induce your husband not to go so much to Fellacar."

"I induce him!" repeated Florence, bitterly; "the time has long past when my wishes had any weight."

wishes had any weight."

"But, dear Florence, for common prudence and respectability's sake—if indeed he is temporarily alienated from you—can't be refrain from giving cause for commit?"

111 A SAUGHAY PURSE.

1 We will have don't be faight your property of the prop "Rather sharp practice," and other indications of the speakers' discontent.

At parting, the invitations to Fellscar Abbey were urgently renewed, but only to receive the coldest and most decided refersals. Three or four of the other guests, who were to aleep in the house, adjourned to the smoking-room with talk of cearfe or whist, and Florence bade me good-night with an accent of hopeless weariness.

A few days afterward, Florence drove me to a little esighboring village, and left me holding the reins while she went indoors to see some invalid in whom she took an interest. As I sat contemplating the hold ranged outlines of the distant hills, and the wide foreground of undulating furf, with a broad road winding through it like a white ribbon careleesly unrolled, a figure rapidly approached me, carrying a gen and followed by two or three fine dogs. I had barely time to recognize Mr. Ceell, before he was by my side with a cordial greeting.

"And what has brought you to this out-of-the-world spot, Miss Mostyn? Burely you are not alone?"

"On no, I am waiting for Mrs. Balfour, who has gone into this cottage."

"I am very glad I met you; I partionally want to say something to you. Miss Mostyn, will you promise not to think what I have to say unpardonably impertinent on such a chort acquaintance?"

"I am not much afraid," I said, smiling.

He leaned his cloow on the back of the little carriage, and spoke in low eager tones, often glanning at the garden-path one what must you have thought of me? I same a most of my violence; just track and respect have all died before."

I had no answer to make to this out-one, often glanning at the garden-path one what must you have thought of me? I samed—

"I am ashamed of my violence; just to ow what must you bave thought of me?"

condition indeed. These attacks of pain and weakness all proceed from the heart, and some day, unless we are exceedingly careful, they will prove fatal. She is patched up now for a time, but she must be guarded against all excitement or annoyance; any sudden shock might bring on an attack from which she would never the secondary of the possure of th

rally."
I could not help thinking that the peace Dr. Smart insisted on could only be found by Florence in the grave; but I promised to do my best to see that his instructions were obeyed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sweet is true love, tho given in vain in vain; and sweet is death, that puts an end to pain; I know not which is sweeter, no, not i.

I know not water as a very if that could be:
I fain would follow love, if that could be:
I needs must tollow death who calls for me:
Call and I follow, I follow:
Let me due!
— Tennywn,

I induce him!" repeated Fiorence, bity or with time has long past when my best had any weight."

But, dear Fiorence, for common prace and respectability's sake—if indeed at temporarily alienated from you—it he refrain from giving cause for dip?

Induce him!" repeated Fiorence, bity or self-interest as a far as the companion, that I promised, if she would wrap up most carefully to indulge her with a walk, at all events as far as the quietly—Prodence he has none, where pleasing self-interest are concerned; and or self-interest are concerned; and drawing, and gave up each in a few Florence paused a moment; and then said quietly—

"Produce he has none, where piessure or self-interest are concerned; and respectability. I fear, is but a thin veneer over such a life as we lead. But I shall struggle to preserve the decency of our home as long as strength is left me. That is all I can promise you, dear."

It may be supposed that this little incident did not increase the cheerfulness of my visit to Beech Hall. It was unutterably interest in it, to tell the truth. But to-day in the record of the country of the reserve the form falling.

It may be supposed that this little incident was the same of the same. There was the same shender figure, little, praceful, and tall, robed in soft white drapery, relieved in the picture by heavy gold ornaments at the throat, wrists, and waist. The same profusion of unbound black interest in it, to tell the truth. But to-day in the road of the truth of the characteristic of the country in the prevent her from falling.

"I knew—I felt sure it was the same."

If the win the same."

I felt worn out by these accumulated to prevent her same, "I knew—I felt sure it was the same."

If who came to me twice, Alice!"

It was indeed the same.

"I knew—I felt sure it was the same."

If was the same."

"My dear young lady I did not of course, mean that you could have prevented the same.

There was the same shender figure, little, praceful, and tall, robed in soft white draptory must be prepared for the course, and the province of the course,

In that case we wan go which the poor woman, much distressed at appearing "wanting in duty," as she would have called it. "Only if anything is said about it you will please to mention that it was nuder your orders."

"Have you ever been told not to show these rooms to me!" asked Florence, turnitation has."

hess of the research the which both taste and affection seemed to have been at work for the pleasure of the occupant. Some beautiful Indian carrings in 1vory and sandal-wood adorned the tables; the chairs and conches were covered with rare Indian stuffs, whose colors were still glowing; Persian screens and there. It cushions were scattered here and there. It could be seen that the precise of calling her maid, I come the precise of calling her maid, I come the precise of calling her maid, I come the precise of the precise of calling her maid, I come the precise of the precise of calling her maid, I come the precise of the precise of calling her maid, I come the precise of t occupant. Some beautiful Indian carvings in ivory and sandal-wood adorned the tables; the chairs and conches were covered with rare Indian stuffs, whose colors were still glowing; Persian screens and cushions were scattered here and there. It had evidently been a lady's room, from the numerous pretty triffer about it—the vases, some of them holding withered fivers, the tiny scent fountain, long since dry, and even a particularly contiv and

and a cold wintry light through the large windows filled the room, we both started, and I threw my arm round Florence to prevent her from falling.

"I knew—I felt sure it was the same," she said, slowly. "That woman—the woman who came to me twice, Alice!"
If was indeed the same.

There was the same slender figure, lithe, graceful, and tall, robed in soft white drapery, relieved in the picture by heavy gold.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

been merciful

"Why did not Arthur tell me he had
been married before?" she asked one night,
after lying so motionless for hours that I
thought her saleep. "Why did he conceal
it, and let the knowledge fall upon me as
such a blow? I suppose he feared my
childish jealousy." There was a little pause
of troubled thought, and then Florence
resumed, "Have I not been punished bitterly for my self-will and disobedience?
... Why did she come to me the night
she died? To warn me, I suppose. And
then the night before our marriage. She
will come again, Alice—once again, I
know."
She asked incessantly for her husband;
and I am sure she detected, though she
never commented upon, the excuses I invented for his constant absence. I scarcely
ever saw him at that time, and when I did
he refused to believe in Florence's danger,
and called her illness "only one of her
oid attacks, from which she would speedily recover.

He never allyded to the immediate cause

remember those terrible words. 'Fear not them which only kill the body?' Who will care to bring him home but me?' "Mr. Geell will go," I cred, by a sudden inspiration, for I saw there would be no controlling Florence but by agreeing to endeavor to recall her husband. 'Ho is here, in the house, and he shall start at once. He is ready to go, you know, and we are not."

ment, any persuasion can touch his heart, bring him home. I am sure Florence is

ers, the tiny secut fountain, long since dry, and even a particularly costly and handsome workbox, in ivory and aliver fi agree, from which peeped some half-traced embroidery. I was stooping to examine this more closely, when Florence startled me.

"Draw up the blinds, Mrs. Sharp," she said, in a strange constrained voice, "I want to see that portrait clearly."

She stood before a picture hung opposite the fireplace, and as Mrs. Sharp obeyed, and a cold wintry light through the large windows filled the room, we both started, work of years. It is exactly the case against the said, in the said, in a strange constrained voice, "I want to see that portrait clearly."

But I am compelled to tell you," he said, "that though this may give temporable the fireplace, and as Mrs. Sharp obeyed, and a cold wintry light through the large windows filled the room, we both started,



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States in proceed in the rame of the land state indiscipled in the sales on the buck of each battle. In other SALESHOOMS.

SALES

and bring it—it is in mamma a room, and off the younger goes, leaving "Cousin Gertrude" by herself.

A casual observer would have had some difficulty in making a guess as to the exact age of the latter. Simil, yet dignified-tooking, she has a faded, delicately—out oval faces, whereon even yet linger the roses of her youth. She is undeniably thorough-thred—from the smoothly-arranged coils of her abundant snowy hair to the arch of her pretty timy foot. Gentrude Hillias, despite her gray hairs, is only thirty-aix. Being 'unmarried and independent, and having no maar family ties, she has always lived with her constant, Mr. and Mrs. Hillas. The latter is a quaration hypochondrise, too selfish or too indolent to take an interest in her house or children, so that the management of it all, to a great extent, falls upon sweet, quiet "Cousin Gertrude." Does one of the boys want to bring home a school friend for the holidays, it is "Cousin Gertrude," who obtains the permission, that in some way or other the boys feel instinctively can only be obtained by her, and her alone. Be faney Mr. Hillas's accounts get into a state of hopeless confusion, it is "Cousin Gertrude wants to go to the Loomshirz Dispensary Hall, of course "Cousin Gertrude" is the first person to be consulted respecting it.

Gestrude the younger returns, and there

"Commin Gertrude" is the first person to be consulted respecting it. Gertrude the younger returns, and there she site—as pretty a girl as one could wish to look at ou this decary first of February. Nhe is as "straight as an arrow," her slim girlish figure being draped in a long, flow-ing silvery-gray dress, and her bonny brewn hair tied with a bine ribbon the color of her eyes. Nhe is just seven-teen—

hair was gray when you were a young girl."
"I think I shall go and see your mother," remarks "Consin Gertrade, rising, as it wishing to put an end to the conversa-tion; "we must see what is to be done concerning this wonderful ball."

A week speeds by. At least half-a-dozen times Mrs. Hills has declared her intention of effective herself as a marky myon the

of offering herself as a martyr upon the shrine of maternal affection and chaperonage, and as often has she renounced it. cor has been in despair. Her dress has been sent down from London, and fits to perfection; and, with this, and "Cousin Gertrude" levely pearls and her own bright face, a picture is presented which it seems a pity to deprive the Committee of the Lonnshire Dispensary Ball the contemplation of. Her father, a true specimen of the westley, bucodic require, is seen the proposal desired in the contemplation from the boredom of looking after his womankind, and revelling in the thought of meeting a few of his old cronies, with whom he intends getting into a quiet corner, and having a comfortable supper. Poor Ger does not get much sympathy from him, and to her proposal that he should be her chapteron he listens with as much horrer as if she had requested him to attend the ball in his shooting coat and bird seys necktie.

"No, no, Ger—it can't be done. If your mother is not well enough to go, you must stay at home."

Tears of disappointment are in the Tears

10 Con 10

JOY COMEL IN THE MOTHING."

A ST. VALESTINE STORY.

"I am so glad it is raining! There is so chance of visitors to bore us this afterness as we can have our five-o'clock ten present so we can have o

"I am so glad it is resining! There is no chance of visitors to bore us this afterness; so we can have our five-o'clock ten in peace and quistiness," seedisms Gestrade Hillss, hastily entering her counin's dressing-roses. "Cousin Gertrade, do have it here—it looks so coay and bright;" and Gestrade Hillss, hastily entering her counin's dressing-roses. "Cousin Gertrade, do have it here—it looks so coay and bright;" and Gestrade Hillss the sides as compared to the person addressed as "Cousin Gertrade." How he your mother now—casier, is she?"

"I think so. I have been reading to her, and she has just settled to try to have a sleep. But there is an invitation countrable by herself.

A casual observer would have had some difficulty in making a guess as to the exact got the latter. Herall, you do look be laided to dress in her own fashion. "Her own fashion" is a rich black velvet dress, whereon even yet linger the roses of her youth. She is undeaublely thoroughbred—from the smoothly-arranged coils of her abundant snowy hair to the arch of her pretty tiny foot. Certrade Hillss, despite for gray hairs, is only thirty-six. Being numerried and independent, and having no near family ties, she has always lived with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Hillss. The lather the analysis of the ways on the promise of awe, he walks on tiploe round his cousin. "My word, Cousin Gertrude, you'll take the latterness of the latter, and having her and fire for on the cousing have changed to the country face of the latter, and having from the broad black velvet round her throat, and diamond etars glisten amongst the coils of her snowy hair to the arch of her pretty tiny foot. Certrade Hillss, despite for gray hairs, is only thirty-six. Being numerried and independent, and having of the leaves in the country of the health of the country face of the hall." And have her of the health of the product of the health of the health of the country have been reading to her product of the health of the country here.

"Cousin Gertrude have the subdivision of t

Entering the room with a comical gesture of awe, he walks on tiptoe round his cousin.

"My word, Consin Gertrude, you'll take the abine out of Ger to-night. You look stunning!"

"Why, is Ger dressed?"

"Yes: I offered the benefit of my valuable taste at her toilette, but was ungratefully and ignominiously expelled from the room. Biay, I hear her! Hallo, Ger, come here and feel yourself extinguished! Gier enters, looking fresh and pretty and girlish in a wonderful combination of white talle and blue forget-me-nots. She makes a gesture of admiration and surprise at her cousin's appearance, and remarks, archly—"Why, Conain Gertrude, you look as if you required a chaperon yourself! You look as if you had just stepped out of some old picture, with your white hair and your black valves and lace. You only want a few patches on your face to be perfect."

"Then, for your sake, I'll not put on the patches, Ger," she says, laughlingly; "It might ruin your prospects if I were to make myself too bewitching."

Colonel westry, seeming thinks: "Ah, that's the husband, I suppose. Gracious Heaven, what a fool I have been!"

"Mr. Lawrenson," Ger reads. "Oh, Cousin Gertrude. I am sure that that young



THE FUTILITY OF ARGUMENT.

JONES, who has a b'g, bulging forehead, of course is a believer in phrenology. Howev, who has not, thinks it a humbog. They will never agree. Why prolong the discussion?

know he's an ensign in the Invincibles—well, he told me that ever so many people said that you looked stunning; and one old chap—a Colonel Westby—aaked to be introduced to you, but was introduced to Ger by mistake. What a sell it must have been for him!" concludes Dick, pathetically, and with all the charming eandor of a brother.

Ger laughs heartily, and enjoys the joke. "Consin Gertrude" also laughs, but it is a strange little hysterical laugh, and all that evening she spends in her own room. Every one in the house says that she is tired after the unaccustomed excitement of the ball.

"Consin Gertrude" looks the door, and, standing in the middle of the room, with the rhands clasped and a strange look upon ber scared white face, her thoughts go

She tas "Arright as far arrew," har displaying think farsh long directed has expected by the control of the record of the review.

The half is a work of the report that is the ribbon the control of the record of the regard to color that record of the rec

never care to go into company?"

"I have lost my taste for such fivolities, she says, anning: "and as will you when you come to have a hoary head like mine."

"But I have heard maining asy that your her was gray when you were a young life."

"But I have heard maining asy that your her was gray when you were a young girl."

"But I have heard maining asy that your her familiar action, and thinks: "Ah, that's the husband, I suppose. Gracious her was gray when you were a young life went, what a fool I have been."

"But I have heard maining asy that your heave fool of the same of modern couples upon them; valentines with figures of modern couples upon them; valentines with figures and fixed repository of the cream of De la Rue's, Marcus Ward's, and Parkinss and Gotto's establishments. Never was there seen such an array of valentines. It is four o'clock the next afternoon, and pretty Ger is sitting on the white, long-haired, fluffy hearth-rug in the drawing room, her ball programme in her hand, discussing her last night's partners with "Consin Gertrude," who lies on the ofa. The latter has been very silent all day—fatigued, probably. But she had not dissipated in the were contemplating committing a forgery and felt that the intention was "Mr. Lawrenson," Ger reads. "Oh, he writes a few lines, the concluding room, he writes a few lines, the concluding

room, he want ones being—

"I feel I needs must play a part
Where in is something to be done,
If I would not be it! alone
Life-long, with love unsatisfied.—

to

He addresses the envelope to "Miss Gertrude Hillas," and certies it to the post himself, saying as he dreps it in— "I shall call upon her to morrow."

Miss Gertrade Hillas, Miss Ger-trade Hillas - two valentines I suppose, for you, Ger; and Mr. Hillas throws the missives across the breakfast-table to his

daughter.

"My eye, isn't this a swellish arrange-ment?" ejaculates Dick, looking over his sister's shoulder at an elaborate combina-tion of white satin and gold and flowers.

"It doesn't look like the writing of a young man," says Ger, regarding it attentively; "do look at it, Cousin Gertrade."
"Consin Gertrade does an abe is requested, and looks upon the well-knows and well-remembered writing of Horsee Westby. Nhe reads the lines, and then anddenly leaves the breakfast room.
When she gains her own apartment, "Consin Gertrude" looks the door, and, standing in the middle of the room, with her hands clasped and a strange look upon her scared white face, her thoughts go back fifteen years; and the more Gertrude recalls the loving, earnest words and tones of Horace Westby of long ago, the more convinced does she feel that that valentine was meant for her. But "Consin Gertrude" is a shy little woman and a proudlittle woman too; besides, she is somewhat afraid of making herself look ridiculous, if she should dare to ask Ger for it. And as she sits thinking a sudden thought comes like a great cloud to obscure the sunshine which has arisen in her heart, and she reflects.—"But is he not married? They told me

offers apologies for her mother's non-appearance on the score of ill-bealth. The colonel looks sympathetic, and keeps wondering why "Cousin Gertrude" does not come. Of course, he concludes, the servant has told her.

A fifteen minutes' conversation ensues, and, as he rises to go, Colonel Westby says—

"Miss Gertrude Hillas—I hope she is quite well."

"Quite well, thank you. She went away after breakfast this morning, to spend the day with a friend."

Colonel Westby walks under the trees of Hilton Park, inwardly anothematising himself for having sent that valentine. Its quite evident that Gertrude Hillas does not care for him now. Of course she never those of a confirmed flirt, not those of the good, sweet woman he had ever imagined her to be! What a fool he was to fancy that she ever had loved him—to fancy that a woman could be constant!

Colonel Westby leans over a little rustic bridge, the dark, grand old woods behind him, and a pleasant vista of woodland before him: the little atream beneath rushes over the neces grown stones, whist a feet of the good of the little atream beneath rushes over the neces grown stones, whist a feet of the colonial transfer.

And here comes in a still more romantic episode. The doctor's nieces, whom he sallowed to become the narse of the young moin. As she was herself in a higher position in life, and the heirest to considerable property, she thought it not unbecoming to make the first advances, and finally to declare her love, offering to provide the means for "Roberts" education preparatory to a marriage.

If was a dilemms. To declare that she was a woman, would be to bring shame and mortification to the breast of this innocent and generous girl. So Deborah decliqued to be constant!

Colonel Westby leans over a little rustic bridge, the dark, grand old woods behind him, and a pleasant vista of woodland before him the little atream beneath rushes over the neces grown stones, whist a clear of the constant?

Washington read the removed, had beread to possess. The doctor's nices, w

wintry sunset touches with silver the yet leadess branches of the trees. But he sees nothing of all this—at least, if he does, he is not aware of it; the trees may be covered with the tender green clothing of the spring for anything he knows. He is in a thoroughly bad temper, and tries to give vent to it by victously kicking the stones into the brook below.

So intent is he upon his employment that he does not notice that a lady is watching him—a quiet, little lady in a soft gray dress and a scarlet cloak, who has emerged from one of the woodland paths. Swift blushes

one of the woodland paths. Swift blushes one of the woodland pains. Switt bitances chane each other across her sweet, but somewhat faded face. At last she nerves herself, and, instead, of passing Colonel Westby, with a beating heart, she approaches, and, holding out her hand, she

"How are you? I am very glad to see

He starts as if a ghost, or bamadryad, or something equally abnormal, had sp-peared. There stands the cause of all his approvance: vet something or other had peared. There stands the cause of all his annoyance; yet, somehow or other, he cannot make up his mind to seem very terrible. However, he determines to be coolyes, very cool—to treat her just as indifferently as she has apparently treated him. All this time he has not said anything, and is standing with her hand in his, looking down at the aweet upturned face; and she, interpreting his allence differently, says, with quivering lips and a heart beating timultuously at her own temerity—"You sent a valentine to Hilton?"
His face dushes, but he holds her hand more tightly.

"Nor have I any but you, Horace," He folds her in his arma, and, as he does so, he strokes her hair, and inquirse— "But about these white hairs, Ger-

trude ?"
"I had a dreadful illness, and after it
my hair became quite white," she informs

" What caused the illness?" he pursues

"What courses in all innecessor.

The question has to be repeated several times before she assurers—

"I heard you were married." "Well, who was right?" exclaims Dick, exultingly, the next day. "Consin Gertrade, didn't I tell you you'd take the shine out of Ger?"

with as much horror as if she had requested him to attend the bail in his shooting cost and bird says neckits.

No, no, ter—it can't be done. If your mother is not will enough to go, you must says at home."

Tours of disappointment are in the pretty blue eyes, and Ger says wisefully—"I say, Consin Gertrude, here's a lark! "Psp. I am sure that, if you or mamma were to sak Mrs. Versher, she would take me solong with her girla."

"What!" he exclaims. "Ask Mrs. Versher is bring out the danghter of a Hillas of Hilla

Answers to Correspondents.

is an innocessor.

"I heard you were merried."

"Well, whe was right?" anclaims Dick, evaluingly, the next day. "Count of the county of the co

should make investigation made. The service of the solution read the letter, and after a short interval handed her, in silence, a discharge from the service, putting into ber hand at the sane time a note containing a few brief words of advice, and a sum of money sufficient to bear her expenses to her native place. "How thankful, "she said, in after life, was I to that great and good man, who so kindly spared my feelings. He saw me ready to sink into the earth with shame—one word of reproach from him world have crushed me like a falling rock. But ead not him to the ready to sink into the earth with shame bot hinted her feminine feelings, seems to be proved by the fact that she after ward married Mr. Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, and lived to a green old age, following the musual duties of a woman's life. Doubtless many such instances occur in all great wars—ten unknown, for every one that is brought to light.

The sentiment in favor of burning the dead seems to be growing in Europe. A society has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. A society has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. A society has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. A society has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. A society has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. A society has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. As coling has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. As coling has been forwed at Hauburg, the members of which are pledged to dispose of deceased members in this manner. As coling has been forwed at the control of the course of the course of the course of the course of the co

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

Comment